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A BIG BALANCE IN HIS FAVOR.
Puck.—But don't let it occur again!



PUCK,
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Wednesday, November 16th, 1887.—No. 558.

Puck this week contains twenty pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

NOW THAT the daily papers have made an end of setting forth the "lessons of the election," we propose to pick out a few "lessons" for the benefit of those who are interested in the cause of honest government. The men who vote the party ticket, whether it is good or not, may leave this page unread. There is nothing for them here. But to the men who have worked in the cause of honest politics we have something to say. There are lessons in this election: lessons that we must learn if we really mean to make things better hereafter. One solid fact we must face—the fact of a general apathy among New Yorkers as to the one great issue in which we are concerned. We have to acknowledge the truth: the citizens of New York, as a body, still care more for party than for probity. There is a Democratic majority in this city, and that majority will go to the support of a bad Democratic candidate whenever it is called upon thus to sacrifice its conscience. The most of the Democratic citizens of New York would rather be Democratic than be right. We do not like to make this statement, any more than you like to hear it; but it is a fact, and a fact to be faced.

This year the regular Democratic candidate for District Attorney has been elected over an opponent whose eminent fitness for the office forced his nomination upon a party opposed to him in politics. It was proved, and clearly shown to the people of New York, that the regular candidate had, during a previous term of service as Assistant District Attorney, received a check for \$500 from William M. Tweed, then under indictment for various robberies of the public treasury. This ought to have been enough to insure his defeat. It was not. The people of New York elected him. The corrupt and criminal class voted for him, of course, and there were enough of the respectable voters to give him the place. These respectable voters elected him simply and solely because he was the Democratic candidate. His personal character counted for nothing with them. They have put him into office, and now they will have an opportunity of seeing how much he will help the party.

We are not trying to forecast Mr. John R. Fellows's course as District Attorney. That he will do his duty and deserve well of the public we sincerely hope. But there is nothing in Mr. Fellows's past, nothing in the character of the men who support him, to justify us in believing that he will be a fearless and upright public official. If he does himself credit in his new place, we shall be the first to praise him. We are, however, obliged to say that we have very little expectation of being called upon to lavish enthusiastic commendation upon an ex-assistant-district-attorney with Mr. Fellows's record, in what place soever he may be put by the vote of the people.

But what Mr. Fellows may do is of much less importance than what the people may do. In this state, they have pretty clearly indicated their intentions. New York is no longer a pivotal state. It is a Democratic state, and its expression of opinion shows that it relies on Democratic success in national politics. Democratic success means, of course, the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland next year.

So far, so well. Mr. Cleveland has done all that his adherents promised for him three years ago. He has made an excellent president; he has nobly begun the great work of civil service reform. He has put a check upon the land-stealing corporations of the West; he has discouraged the systematic waste of the people's money which began under Grant's administration. He has shown himself an able, conservative, patriotic public servant. That he has paid too much heed to the counsels of A. P. Gorman; that he has been induced to put himself officiously forward in New York politics at a time when silence would have become him better, count but little against his many claims to the regard and respect of the nation. He has been a good president for the best part of four years: we know of no man who can better carry out the work he has begun in the four years that are to come.

But let us make one thing distinctly understood, no matter what may be the result of this year's elections in New York or any other state. Mr. Cleveland was not elected in 1884 by Democratic votes, nor can he be elected in 1888 by Democratic votes. He must have the support of those independent voters who are not to be ordered about by a lot of corrupt, worthless, selfish party leaders. The facts in the case are few, and easily understood. Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884 by a very small plurality in New York state. But in New York city he was defrauded of full twenty thousand Democratic votes, given to the Republican candidate in exchange for votes for local officials on the Democratic ticket. Had the Democrats all voted for the Democratic candidate for the presidency, he would have had over twenty thousand votes to the good in New York city. It was not the blunder of the fatuous Burchard that defeated Mr. Blaine; it was the vote of the Independents, large enough to cover a Democratic defection of twenty thousand and give more than a thousand of margin. This same Independent vote exists to-day. In the late local election it was cast with the Republican minority as far as one candidate was concerned. It made that candidate run ahead of his ticket, and it threw his opponent far behind the average vote on his side of the house.

That Independent vote must decide the next election. But if it would show its strength; if it would prove its power to check the arrogance of corrupt partisan organization, it must fight intelligently for one great reform in our system of election to office. So long as the distribution of ballots is in the hands of the party managers, so long will there be "deals" and "knifing." So long as we have a gang of scoundrels at the polls who are in a position to say to the thoughtless voter: "Give me your vote for my candidate for this office, and I will help you to elect your candidate for that office"—so long shall we see great issues betrayed by local pride or partisanship. Let the distribution of ballots be taken out of the hands of the political hucksters; let the whole business be given over to the state, and we shall know, as we never yet have known, by what votes a man is chosen for office. The sworn officials of the state, liable to prosecution and punishment if they refuse to perform their duties, can not well lend improper assistance to the dishonest "workers" of any party. With this reform other reforms must come. Let us strive to bring it about. And this is the greatest lesson of the late election.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK is abroad in the land. It comes around as regularly as the moon and shines a great deal more brightly. The *Fourth Crop* is now diffusing its luminosity over the world, and it is filled to the very edges of the artistic cover with more good things than any reader ever saw on the earth or in the waters under the earth, or in a Christmas box, or in a Thanksgiving Turkey, or in anything in the wide world except PICKINGS FROM PUCK. Price, twenty-five cents.



ON HIS WAY TO THE FERRY.

FRIEND.—Where on earth are you going with that parrot, old chap?

OLD CHAP.—I moved over to Lonelyville, New Jersey, last week; and my wife says she must have something to talk to during the day, or she'll die.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR



I.
NEAR ME THE dancers whirl,
Sweet girls in tulle and pearl;
They're mostly pretty;
Filling the brilliant rooms—
The daintiest "buds" and "blooms"
In all the city.

II.
I see her in the dance,
Her dreamy, ardent glance
To him turns only;
Though longing e'er so much,
Her hand I dare not touch:
I stand here lonely.

III.
Were I an English peer,
Or made I gold in beer
Or oil or flour,
I'd struggle for her then
As well as other men—
I'd use my power!

IV.
I'd show her all my heart
Its love, its hope, its smart,
The pretty sinner!
I'd lay at her small feet
The sweets that make life sweet,
And I might win her!

V.
But I am Fortune's toy,
The jade denies me joy;
I really hate her!
I love thee, Stephanie—
Alas, that I should be
Only a waiter!

K. J.

MR. HOWELLS'S OPINION.

REPORTER.—Mr. Howells, whom do you consider the greatest modern writer of fiction?

MR. HOWELLS (*after a moment's thought*).—The Russian novelist, Tolstoi—

REPORTER.—Thanks, Mr. Howells; good morning.

MR. HOWELLS (*hastily*).—Beg pardon; but I had not finished. I was about to say that Tolstoi is the second greatest novelist.

A NOVELTY IN SMUGGLING.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.—Is this a tailor's dummy at the bottom of your trunk?

PASSENGER.—No, sir.

C. I.—What is it, then?

PASSENGER.—That's a contract clergyman.

DESERVED REST.

"Yes," he said: "I retired from business six months ago. I had made an ample fortune in the hardware line, and I thought that I had earned rest and—"

Just then a messenger boy opened the door and said: "St. Paul off five points."

"Great Scott!" shouted the retired business man: "another ten thousand gone!"

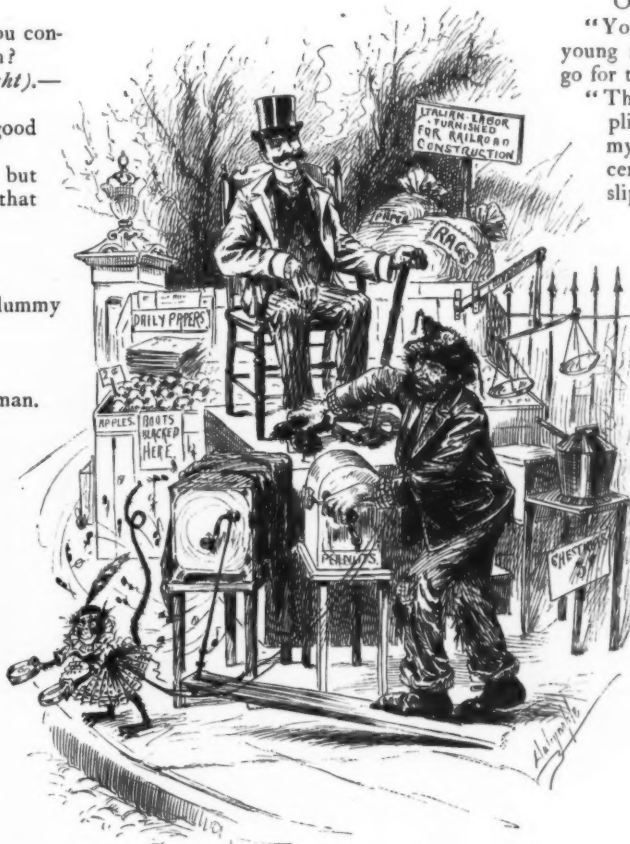
AN IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT.

"And so you are connected with the *Daily Bazoo*?"

"Yes."

"In an editorial or reportorial capacity?"

"Editorial; I'm the affidaviter."



A GRINDING ITALIAN MONOPOLY.

OVERFLOWING WITH DEVOTION.

"You don't need a ten-cent stamp on that letter, young man," said the post-office official: "it will go for two cents."

"This letter won't go for any two cents," replied the young man, tremulously: "It's to my best girl, an' she ain't one of your two-cent kind. Gimme a ten-cent stamp, and I'll slip her in before the mail closes."

THE LATEST NOTION.

VISITOR.—Your new house is very pretty; but you will have trouble to do anything with the garden, it's so small.

COUNTRY HOST.—Yes, it is small; but, then, I shall put in folding-beds.

AN INAPPROPRIATE SIMILE.

BOARDER.—What are we going to have for dinner, Mrs. Myers? I am hungry as a wolf!

LANDLADY.—Lamb stew, Mr. Smally!

BOARDER.—Oh, pshaw! Again? I'm already tired of lamb!

LANDLADY.—Then you can't be hungry as a wolf.

A FINE MIND.

"There is a good deal in the remark: 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage,'" said Dumley: "a good deal in it. It's chock-full of wisdom."

"Where did you hear it?" he was asked.

"I heard Featherly say it. That Featherly is a bright young fellow!"

THE OWL.



AT THE EDGE of a wood deserted
I came to a hollow tree,
In the sad winds sadly moaning
Its desolate song to me.

I peered in the inky darkness,
And there, in his feathery cowl,
With eyes like big gold buttons,
Was perched an ashen owl.

Oh, never a feather fluttered,
And never a foot he stirred,
But sat there softly brooding,
A happy, contented bird.

"Toowhoo, toowhoo!" I murmured,
Right into his home of gloom;
To which he deigned to answer:
"Pray, pardon me, sir, 'to whom!'"

"Tuwhit, tuwhit!" I shouted;
He said: "I'll be explicit:
I'm a Boston owl, and never
Say 'to wit', but '*videlicet*!'" R. K. M.

WHAT THE CHINESE DID.

HAVE YOU EVER heard of any discovery or invention which was not known centuries ago in China?

I have not, although I have been looking for one with a long-handled microscope, and my young life is being chipped to pieces by the thought that all the vaunted and patented achievements of the white man are nothing but the warmed-over exertions of the yellow Chinaman, who wears his shirt as an exterior garment and his eyes cut bias.

There is natural gas, for instance, which is making some cities of this country so proud of themselves. The Chinese had it centuries ago—lots of it, more than they wanted. One day it broke loose, blew up a section of the empire somewhat smaller than the State of Texas in size, and reduced from five million to ten million Celestials to a state of innocuous desuetude. The Chinese are never exact in giving figures. A difference of five million people never worries them, and in dates a difference between a few years and a dozen æons is quite permissible.

Printing is an ancient invention with them, for every little China boy had an amateur outfit as long ago as 4037 years and five months.

The Chinese discovery of paper is lost in remote and cobwebby antiquity, but is believed to have occurred just before the surface of the earth had quite cooled off.

The Chinese discovered roller-skating while Noah was cutting his milk-teeth, and 'Beautiful Snow' was written by one of her poets B. C. 3406.

The art of watering railway stock was practiced with precision and success about forty centuries ago in China, and the B. & O. deal went through its Chinese experience B. C. 740.

The chestnut bell was doing its deadly work in China 10,406 years ago, and hash was invented there by Mrs. Yung Wing, who ran a boarding-house in the Fourth Ward of Shanghai two years before the flood. This estimable lady was also the first to introduce India-rubber spring-chicken to the molars of her boarders.

The Chinese journalists had worn the phrase 'dull thud' threadbare several centuries before Eve indulged her appetite for fall pippins.

Dudes were quite a curi-



THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME.

WESTERN PARSON.—Why, what are you doing to that poor fellow, boys?
GROVEL DICK.—He come inter town with a gripful of Boehm flutes. Leggo another, Nifty!

osity in China in the reign of Hi Mucky Muck, 7967 years ago, but they became such a nuisance toward the close of the year 7984 that an imperial edict issued in that year condemned them all to death.

Tyrotaxon was discovered in ice-cream by a Chinese scientist several months before cows were invented.

They used glass for windows in China a thousand years before houses were built, and inclosed letters in envelopes a few hundred decades before anybody learned to write letters.

The first Chinese sewing machine was patented six weeks before Mrs. Adam made her first fig-leaf gown, but the agent was a little late in reaching Eden with his samples.

A Chinese *savant* preserved the voice of his mother-in-law in a phonograph as long ago as 8541 B. C.

Confucius used the type-writer in concocting letters to his girl, and when he jilted her she could not collect any damages for breach-of promise, because she could not prove his signature.

It would not surprise me to learn that Wing Lo Jing, or some other monosyllabic Celestial, completed the Keely motor several hundred years previous to the creation of the world, and became immensely wealthy by placing the stock on the market.

The Chinese make me tired.

Wm. H. Seiviter.

THE GREAT base-ball player, Mike Kelly, is commonly known as "the ten-thousand-dollar beauty." Scripturally speaking, he might also be known as "the subtlest beast of the field."

THERE is a smart man traveling through the West and making a fortune out of book-peddling. He has bound a lot of back numbers of the New York Directory in red morocco, and labeled them "Home Truths about Real People." The book sells on its title.

IF TIME is money, J. Sharp could centuple his capital by getting in the time due him at Sing Sing.

AN IRISHMAN recently gave it as his opinion that this is the "devil's own country where burruds grow on the limbs of traze." He was advised to gather forsaken nests and sell them to restaurants to be used in the construction of birds' nest puddings.

A PITTSBURGH woman has had her mouth open so much lately that she now gossips with a smoked tongue.

A PART CAN'T be greater than the whole, eh? How about a pain in the stump of your tooth? Yah! Isn't it greater than any sound tooth in your head by six perches, four furlongs and twenty-seven parasangs? Go to, Science, and creosote thy head!



HIS FIRST NEW YORK CALL.

COUNT MIECOWSKY (of the Russian Legation, in an agony of doubt).—Zis is ze house, but by Saint Eric, if zat is ze froont door, I go me not in!

HORSE-COBBLERS.



THE TERM "horse-cobbler" may strike the reader as a peculiar one, which no doubt it is. It was invented by the writer to cover a class of countrymen who make a good portion of all they have out of cobbling horses.

If you live in the country at any distance from the station you keep a horse, and if you keep a horse you are a factor in the welfare and prosperity of the horse-cobbler; because the horse-cobbler knows that sooner or later he will make something out of you. He takes a greater interest in you than he does in a man who does not keep a horse, and if he hears your good name impeached at the grocery or barber-shop he will defend you unless you are being excoriated by a man who also owns a horse, when he will be neutral. But if the excoriator is a man who possesses two horses, then the horse-cobbler will smilingly agree with him; for, though there is exceeding gold in cobbling

one horse, yet is there more than twice the harvest in cobbling two.

Even philanthropists and people engaged in works which are a guaranty of their charity, agree that the horse-cobbler is about the subtlest and most malignant of all the monumental frauds with whom it is our misfortune to have business relations.

As a rule, the horse-cobbler is a mild-mannered, smiling man, who professes a great love for dumb animals, and who would gladly change places with any beast in distress. He tells you how he frequently feeds a horse in his charge a quart or two of oats a day, when the contract only calls for corn-stalks; and how he would sooner shoot an animal than not feed it properly.

The horse-cobbler generally lives a mile or two out of the town, in some lonesome locality, in a house that has never been painted, and which is conspicuous for not having a complete pane of glass in it. This wind-swayed edifice is surrounded by cedars and dogs—the latter to keep you off the place when you call to see how the horse is getting along, and envelop you in ignorance of the fact that the horse-cobbler is absent hauling stone with your animal that he is supposed to be curing of ring-bone at so many dollars per month.

The economical resources of the horse-cobbler will be understood, in a mild way, when it is stated that one of them will tie a gentle horse up in the house, and save fuel by having his family circle around the glowing quadruped to keep warm. And it is not going too far to hazard the opinion that the horse-cobbler would not only warm his house with your horse, but would cook his meals on him if he had the requisite temperature therefor.

He frequently calls on you to tell you how nicely your horse is getting along; how a dozen powders, weighing a pound each, took the rheumatism out of his hind-legs to such an extent that he can be driven all day without once sitting down or up, like a rabbit. Then he gets a nice horse-blanket out of you, which he takes home and puts on his bed.

Strictly speaking, the horse-cobbler is not a smart man, and his success is simply in taking advantage of your ignorance of horse-flesh. You generally fall into his snare at the beginning of winter, when you want your horse kept cheap until spring, as you have no use for him. You are recommended to the horse-cobbler by a man who is in league with him, and who gets a regular broker's commission for effecting the deal. The horse-cobbler appears, looks at the horse, feels his coat, slaps him affectionately, and goes through a lot of professional *fol de rol* to impress you with his greatness. The horse being perfectly well, the cobbler advises you to have him clipped, that he may have a lovelier coat in the spring. But, in reality, he wants the clipping done to give the horse cold and rheumatism, that he may be an available subject for another winter.



AS THEY SEE US.

LIEUT. CHUM-CHUMLEY, of Her Majesty's Life Guards, has been asked to take Miss Ely, of Cincinnati, down to dinner.

MISS ELY (*at foot of stair-case*).—Can I get you to scooch a little, Cap.? Pop says I'm sech a runt!

You are generally told that there is something the matter of a very serious nature. You are assured that the reason you never noticed it is because it is in its very earliest stages, and never becomes apparent at that time. You are cautioned to attend to it immediately, as it will soon be too late, and at present a permanent cure will be a very simple matter. You are taken off your guard, and the horse-cobbler leads your horse away to his stable, paints his legs with tar, and ties him in a stall where he can get no exercise or appetite.

When you call in a month or two to ascertain his condition, you find that he has been starved so that when your eyes light on his ribs he reminds you of a xylophone. The horse-cobbler tells you how that malady pulls a horse down, and, as the horse can't talk, you never suspect the real reason of his thinness. Your horse is returned pronounced well, which he really was when he was taken away. In two weeks he is unfit for use.

Then you send him to a different horse-cobbler, for there are about ten or fifteen on the outskirts of every suburban town. The second horse-cobbler fixes him for the third, and the third for the fourth. They are all in league. The bunco-man takes the hayseed into camp, but the horse-cobbler makes a victim of the city man who is smart enough to corner the wheat market.

Another scheme of the horse-cobbler is to cure a horse, tell the owner it died, dye the horse up a little, and sell him to some one in distant parts.

The only way to treat a horse-cobbler is to lead him into the woods, and then use your hatchet in such a way that thereafter his face will be his misfortune. He is a fiend within a fiend, beside whom the plumber working by the day is an angel, and even an architect a snow-white dove of purity and innocence.

R. K. M.

SPORT IS A great thing. In these fine Autumn days it is pleasant for the Staten Islander to sit on his back-stoop, hear the New York Nimrod's shot-gun crack, and listen to some weather beaten, experienced catbird responsively crying out "Rats!" and adjusting his tin chest-protector while he explains to the sportsman that the partridge who used to live in that neighborhood moved away two years ago.

TO DETACH COUPONS properly, use a revenue cutter.

"SOUTHERN SILHOUETTES" is the title of a recent book. We imagine it is a gallery of colored chicken appropriators.

THERE IS SO much base-ball in the courts, when it is too cold to play in the air, that the game should be taught in all law schools, so that judges may have a sufficient knowledge of the game to give just and impartial rulings.

THE CROW INDIAN will never go back on corn whiskey.

AN OPERA SINGER recently gained a great reputation for realism by snoring in the sleep-walking scene of "Somnambula."

IT IS SURPRISING how much store those Baconians set by the cipher. All the ciphers in the world added together come to naught.

NOT UP TO THE BALLET REQUIREMENTS.

YOUNG LADY (*to OPERATIC MANAGER*).—I would be glad, sir, if you could find a place for me in the ballet.

OPERATIC MANAGER.—Are you an American?

YOUNG LADY.—Oh, yes, sir; I was born and brought up in Boston.

OPERATIC MANAGER (*dubiously*).—Boston—I'm afraid you won't do.



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE WELL, DO IT YOURSELF."

—False and Idiotic Old Proverb.



"Something wrong with the pipes, eh? Well, bring me a hammer and a chisel, and a monkey-wrench, and send out for some solder, and I'll fix it myself; I'm tired of paying plumber's bills!"



"I see what's the matter; just hold a candle here a minute."

A CORRESPONDENT WHO has been reading Apuleius wants to know why Psyche threw the cake to Cerberus. Probably it was because she wanted Cerberus to take the cake on account of its being made by herself after one-quarter at a cooking-school. Or she might have been anxious to see if he would divide it between his three mouths or hog it with one.

AN ITALIAN WAS instantly killed by the explosion of a soda-fountain in Pittsburgh, the other day. If he had kept an ordinary bar-room he would be alive and well to-day.



"Wow-w-w! Fetch some arnica here, quick—I've pounded my thumb all to pieces!"



"Jiminy, look out! You're burning my moustache off!"



"Great Caesar, I've cut a hole in the pipe! Send for a plumber!"

BEREFT.

"OH, PAW!" wailed out a big Arkansas boy, running to meet his sire, who had been to "the store" six miles away to trade six dozen eggs for "half-a-pound o' brown sugar an' the balance in smokin' terbacker."

"Oh, paw, the house is done burned clean down to the graound!"

"Yeou don't say!" said the old man with a start: "Wal, wal, sonny; it wa'n't nothin' but a ole slab shanty, nohow, an' we kin all turn to an' build another one as good in a few days!"

"But all our duds is done burnt up, too, paw?"

"That so? Wal, that's bad; but they wa'n't very good duds, nohow; an' we don't need duds much out hyar in the wild'ness. Them we've got on our backs 'll last a good while yit!"

"But maw got awful bad burnt gittin' a few things out; all her ha'r got burnt off, an' she cayn't see outen one eye!"

"Wal, I'd thought yer maw'd been spryer'n to git burnt like that. But then her ha'r 'll grow out agin, an' ef she's got one good eye left it's more'n some wimmen has; an' one eye's all a body needs ter see the little they is goin' on 'round hyar!"

"But the keow an' our mule was burnt up in the shed back'n the house!"

"Wal, I'm blamed if that *haint* tough! But that old keow's clar dry, now, an' she never did give much, nohow, an' was too tough fer beef. An' that blamed old mule got what he desarved fer kickin' me over the fence las' spring. I allus said I'd git even with him!"

"But, Oh, paw!" roared the boy, turning pale: "your spotted bull-pup got burnt clean ter ashes!"

The stricken man, his heart's core touched at last, leaned against a tree for support, clasped his hands to his wildly-throbbing head and heart, and gasped out:

"Break it tew me gintly, son; break it gintly. Yeou say my spotted bull-pup's burnt ter flinders? Yes? Git me a little somethin' tew drink, boy—somethin' tew stiddy me! Darned if this *ain't* trouble! This is w'at ye may call snappin' a feller's heart-strings! That pup wa'n't half in his prime yit, but he could lick anything in this county. Ef he'd been spar'd he'd made the noblest fightin' dog ole Arkansas ever turned out. An' he's gone? Son, you light out home an' tell 'em I'll drag myself erlong bimeby. Grief like mine wants ter be all alone fer a spell. Hit's too sacerd fer anybody ter stan' an' gap at!"

THE LONDON *Truth* says that cats are coming forward. It does n't say whether for the fur market or the table; but we trust they may continue to come forward until they get within easy boot-jack range.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

It is so seldom that we hear of a good opening for an aspiring literary editor, that it gives us great pleasure to publish, free of charge, the following advertisement from a western exchange. Our reward will come to us in the fond hope that some one of the nine or ten thousand young literary men in Boston or New York may read the notice and take advantage of the golden opportunity thus offered to establish themselves in so desirable a situation. The notice reads:

"Wanted—a strictly first-class—one fine in the bizness—literary and high-art editor, to act as assistant to the managing editor of a flourishing weekly in a town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. Said editor must also know how to set up legal ads., wash rollers, print hand-bills, solicit job work, collect bad bills, compose obituary poetry, write display ads., and make good pot-paste. He should also know something about running a small steam engine and press-feeding. To such a one, well-recommended, we will pay \$5.00 a week and give him a bed in the office free."



PLUMBER.—It's a tough job, but you've been a putty good customer, an' I'll do it fer you reasonable, and send in my bill when it's finished

MOVING.

In the Old House.

"THERE'S a bower of roses on Bendemeer's stream,"
And I'd like to be Bendemeer just for to-day;
To meander around in a halcyon dream,
Undisturbed by the crash of the chair and buffet.
I am filled with despair, and erect stands my hair
As I shiver and shake with all sorts of alarms,
And observe the fiend caper along on the stair,
With a bed or the ancient Dutch clock in his arms.
Oh, pity me, pity me, pity me, pray;
I'm moving, I'm moving, I'm moving to-day!

My things are piled up and they're scattered around,
Oh, there isn't an article where it belongs;
On the lovely silk portière reposes the hound,
And within my best vase stand umbrellas and tongs.
I find all the dishes piled up on the bed,
My volumes of verse are all neatly dish-panned,
And I can't find a cover to put on my head—
Hams, codfish and so forth hang on the hat-stand.
Oh pity, oh pity, oh pity, I pray,
The sorrows of him who is moving to-day!

In the New House.

Oh, here's a guitar Cola mutton looks strange
And a marmalade jar In my coat on the range,
Lying upon the floor; Where the butter's wrapped in a dress;
With my opera hat Where the Daghestan rugs
And some cooking fat And the painted jugs
And the pitcher that is no more. Are mixed in a motley mess.

Oh, there's brass and tin
And claret and gin
And saucer and plate and cup;
And cold lamb-chops
And clothes-line props
With wash-tubs and pails mixed up.

ENVOI.

Alas, alack, I'll strike a line
That no rusty tack For the train at nine
May double me up with woe! and stay away days and nights;
That nothing of weight And alas, alack,
May crash like a great I won't come back
Avalanche on my toe! Till the house is all to rights!
R. K. M.



ON THE BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

SELF-ASSERTIVE FEMALE.—That poor child's breath smells so of whiskey that it fills the whole car. You've been drugging it, you wretch!

TRAVELER (in a husky whisper).—Madam, would ten dollars be any object for you to sit down? The Fraternity Club is going to give a little dinner in Portland, to-night, and this kid is full of licker. But the kid's made of rubber. See?

NO INFORMATION WANTED.

BOOK AGENT.—I would like to show you some specimen pages of the universal encyclopedia.

GOTHAM DAME.—We ain't got no use fer encyclopedias.

B. A.—This book, madam, is full of facts and figures which should be valuable to everyone.

G. D.—Facts an' figures ain't no use to us.

B. A.—I judged from your luxurious surroundings that your husband was in some business or profession.

G. D.—No; he's a labor agitator.

AN APPROPRIATE SONG.

Every gas-jet in the room was burning brilliantly, while the meter down-stairs pegged merrily on; and they were as cosy and comfortable as you please as the old man entered and seated himself in the next easiest chair.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Hendricks," cordially remarked Young Featherly, from the easiest chair: "I was about to ask Miss Clara to favor me with a song."

"Yes, Clara," chimed in the old gentleman: "give us a song, and let it be 'Over the Hills to the Poor House.'"



PRESENCE OF MIND NEEDED.

PROFESSOR GREZE, N. A., has just set his brush going on a delicious bit of Bronx River scenery, unaware that Deacon Smith's boys have been having some fun with the last new calf.

ADVICE FROM THE RIVER BANK.—Take him now, boss. You won't git another chance!

PHILADELPHIANS can not believe
That their excellent grandmother, Eve,
Was tempted to sin by an apple;
They are willing to swear that the bait—
Since it seems that it *was* adequate—
Was scrapple.

IT IS RUMORED that the Queen of England has expressed a wish to be presented to Mr. John L. Sullivan.

IF MR. DENIS KEARNEY could realize the fact that his own demise occurred some time ago, it would tend to make him more popular.

WHEN THE corn crop is a failure, it does n't amount to shucks.

IT MAKES a good deal of difference whether a coat of paint is on your house or on an excited Indian.

"MAN WANTS but little here below, but wants that little long." Not when he's coppering your points, Jay; oh, no!

WHEN THE tradesman ridicules the poet, the tradesman is regarded as a philosopher; but when the poet sneers at the shop-keeper, the poet is considered a snob.



IN MOST of the booming towns in New Jersey, nowadays, they will put your house up for you while you wait; and if you paste two or three thicknesses of paper over it, it is really quite a coherent structure.

WHEN A BRIDE drives away from the paternal mansion in Chicago they throw rice after her. But only rice, Nothing but rice.

THE MAN who invented the patent water-faucet with four or five spokes, that turns around and around, and always turns the wrong way to shut off the water, has made money out of it. But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Satan, dearly beloved brothers, Satan, good old Satan gets there all the same.

GOOD-BYE to the folio Post!
It never much liked to "rustle;"
And now, if it lives as a ghost,
It must dwell fore'er in a bustle.

OUR COOK is respectfully requested to notice that a kerosene-fry is a simple and easy but thoroughly unwholesome piece of cookery.

IT IS A sad offset to the pleasure of seeing a girl home that the walk back alone is sometimes chillier than the bottom of an ice-box.

"THE HORN of the hunter is heard on the hill;"
But the pipe of the plumber is heard in his bill.

THE HEAD of any Boston family is a veritable hubby.

IT IS CURIOUS—an Indian acquires positive value only when he is buried; and yet everybody is content to let him stay underground.

STRANGE AS it may appear, macaroni is both a hollow and a solid food.

A MAN RECENTLY declined pine-apple at a boarding-house table, on the ground that it was bad enough to have to eat hickory fish-balls.

NEW JERSEY'S first river should be called the Mosaic, on account of the clots of oil and refuse that lie upon its surface.

IT IS BELIEVED that the Chinese built the famous wall about their country to attract the cats, which they hunted at moonlight for the larder.

IT IS AN old saying that the carpenter is known by his chips. So is the poker player.

AN EARTHQUAKE on the prairies must teach one to feel the grandeur of the English language by giving a new and deeper significance to the term "a plain drunk."

A DIME MUSEUM can often be seen by swallowing a ten-cent glass of whiskey.

A MAN NOT far from New York was recently presented with a horse. Wishing to learn his age, and not caring to stare the gift horse in the mouth, he inserted his hand to see if he could count the rings on his teeth by feeling. Hereafter that man will tie his shoe-strings with his left hand and teeth.

FOND WIFE.—Are you going to the minstrels this evening?

FOND HUSBAND.—No; I have just read Puck through.

IF YOU WANT to see how fine a line can be drawn in the way of social distinction, put a fifty-cent-store on one side of the street, and a forty-nine-cent-store on the other.



AFRAID HE'D GET AWAY WITH IT.

YOUNG NEW YORKER.—Carry yer bag fer yer, mister?

FARMER BUCKWHEAT.—Waal, I guess not! I've heeard tell o' these here "sharper" people over here in 'York, so I'm a-go-in' to hang right onto 'er, myself!

A COMPULSORY CURE.

The small boy in the snow
Will soon be seen to go
Till his boots are wet inside up to the rim;
Then the cold will make him shake,
And for home he'll quickly make
Where his ma will make it hot enough for him.

Tom Masson.

AS BRICKS are made by baking, it is no wonder that home-made ginger bread gets as hard as a rock.

OLD POINT LACE is Old Point Comfort to a woman.

AS THE BEE is the emblem of thrift and industry, it is not likely to get into the socialistic bonnet.

IT IS A sad sight to observe a clergyman talking hoarse.

THE BRIDE never disposes of such duplicate wedding presents as thousand-dollar checks.

WE ALWAYS maintained that there was a brilliant future for the family. Mr. James G. Blaine, Jr., is developing into quite a successful amateur photographer.

IN OUR FIGHT with Time we get many a wrinkle.

CURIOUS—if you give a man "the shake," that's just exactly what you don't give him.

THE UNKINDEST CUT of all is to be found in the average eight-dollar suit of clothes.



AN EXPLANATORY FAILURE.

VOICE (from the upper landing).—Is that you, Livingston?

MR. VAN ARSDALE (who has n't come in very successfully).—No, m' dearsh, it 'sh Doct' Hyde. Mist' Jekyll did n't (lem me up, I shay!) g-g' out t'-night!

FROM WEALTH TO POVERTY.

"I ain't allus ben pore as this," said an Arkansas backwoodsman to a stranger who had entered his old cabin for shelter during a rain-storm.

"Well, well," said the stranger: "reverses will come!"

"That's so," the man said dejectedly: "and they've give me a terrible lick. Why, mister, you'd never b'lieve it, I reckon, but I've seen the day when I would n't thought nothin' of takin' fo'teen chaws of ter-backer a day, and now I'm in luck if I git six; and my old woman useter to have her snuff free as water, and we never had less'n sixteen dogs; now we ain't got but eight. I tell you, mister, it's hard to come down to that, after being useter havin' everythin' heart could wish fer." Rex.

HE NEEDED A LANTERN.

MR. SOBER (*rescuing his friend VERRIFUL in the middle of a street crowded with horses and vehicles*).—What are you about, Verriful? Do you want to be run over?

VERRIFUL.—"At's alright, ol' fel (hic). I jus' met a white girl, an' I'm lookin' (hic) for a red-headed horse, y' know."

HOOP-SKIRTS, we are credibly informed, belong to the past. So does the confederacy, says history. Now, if the confederacy and the hoop-skirt are dead, why does n't Jeff. Davis remain in the oblivion into which he was relegated a score of years ago? He has n't been alive, strictly speaking, for a long time; and he ought to be fixed so that he can not be flopping around in his coffin all the time.

IN THE bright lexicon of the base-ball player a home-run in time saves the nine.

IT IS A good deal easier to learn to write than it is to learn not to write.

SAILORS SHOULD be able to answer all knotty questions.

A SCHOOL-BOY gives it as his opinion that the pedagogue, like the artistic pianist, should have a light, easy touch.

WHAT IS the difference between a bull and a bear? Well, it's simply a matter of opinion.

WHY IS a two-dollar derby like a hornet? Because it is not cheapest in the end.

AS CHICKEN-POX generally comes during infancy, it ought to be called spring chicken-pox.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR is an authority on bolting cloth.



IT SEEMS eminently proper that the crack negro nine should occasionally white-wash its opponents.

GEELSE ARE NOW flying South, some wild, some tame.

JAY GOULD, who is ambitious to own the earth, has gone over to see what the other side looks like.

NOT SURPRISING.

"Pshaw," quoth De Sappy: "I don't take much stock in this man Cranium, mind-reader. You can bet he was stumped when he tackled me!"

"Yes," replied Miss Breezy: "he naturally would have a hard time reading your mind—unless he used a microscope."



IF THIS BOSTON "cult" for Shelley and Browning and George Meredith and Walt Whitman goes on much longer, Dunghlson's Medical Dictionary will get a show for itself the first thing somebody knows.

I NEVER KNEW a raven head
To make me ogle, pine and sigh,
But soon I found that it was red,
And its dark secret—only dye.

"THE MATRIMONIAL TIE" is rarely as neat as that which the experienced bachelor arranges for himself. She means well; but she musses it.

THERE WILL BE an end to all these labor strikes some day, when one of them chances to occur simultaneously with a general bar-tenders' strike.

THIS "SENTIMENT" was recently contributed to an autograph album by Mr. Russel Sage: "I think that, as we only pass through this world once, we ought to do our little all to make others happy, and throw them roses and bread instead of stones and curses." Russel, we take this occasion to offer you our assurance that you are the cause of more innocent merriment than the festive goat, or even than the fabled barrellful of simians. Go on and do some more sentiments.

IT IS PAINFUL to reflect that the same little innocent animal can be venison on the first of January and antelope on the last.

WE HEAR a great deal of the Western Reserve, and yet—it does n't strike you as a characteristic of the Chicago people.

A GOOD DEAL of valuable time is lost in looking at the thermometer and cursing the weather.

SPORTSMEN ARE INFORMED that the season for autograph-hunters lasts all the year 'round.

THE PATRIARCH'S DÉBUTANTE.

LIVINGSTON TRENOR GREUGER.—She's a Verus, Trem, old boy; but how did she get in with us? She's not exactly in our set, you know.

TREMAINE ARKBORN.—S-sh! her Governor's got three blue I. O. U's and a sixty-day note of mine.

GREUGER.—'nough said!

"DEAR MR. TOLSTOI.—In my opinion you are great.—Howells." "Dear Mr. Howells.—I think you have the advantage of me.—Tolstoi."

MOST MEN do not fear death. It is the being dead afterward that depresses your natural vivacity and makes you feel as though one man had voted for you in a national convention and nobody had noticed it.

WHEN THE poet sang, "One by One the Roses Fall," he made a grievous error. When they once begin falling, they fall in numbers, and look like a shower of pink tooth-tablets.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH has been turned out of the Jockey Club, and he probably would n't be able to get into the Valets' Club.

KELLY, THE ONLY, Boston's great ten-thousand-dollar beauty, is shortly to be the interlocutor of a minstrel-show. We suppose this will be the kind of base-hit he will make with the end-man:

"Now, Mr. Kelly, can you tell me why drinks are called balls?"

"No, Julius, I can *not* tell you why drinks are called balls; why are drinks called balls?"

"Why, because you get them on a bat."

"Mr. Simkins will now sing: 'When the Roses Softly Bloomed,' etc."



THE DAVID AND GOLIATH OF TO-DAY. — AND G

PUCK.



AND GOLIATH IS BOUND TO GET THE WORST OF IT.

J. Ottensmeyer. Lith. Puck Publishing Co. N. Y.

BUFFALO BILL IN THE COLISEUM.

I'LL TAKE my stalwart Indian braves
Down to the Coliseum,
And the old Romans from their graves
Will all arise to see 'em;
Prætors and censors will return
And hasten through the Forum,
The ghostly Senate will adjourn
Because it lacks a quorum.

And up the ancient Appian way
Will flock the ghostly legions,
From Gaul unto Calabria,
And from remoter regions—
From British bog and wild lagoon
And Libyan desert sandy
They'll all come, marching to the tune
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Prepare the triumph car for me
And purple throne to sit on,
For I've done more than Julius C.—
He could not down the Briton!
Cæsar and Cicero shall bow,
And ancient warriors famous,
Before the myrtle-banded brow
Of Buffalo Williamus.

We march, unwhipped, through history,—
No bulwark can detain us,—
And link the age of Grover C.
And Scipio Africanus.
I'll take my stalwart Indian braves
Down to the Coliseum,
And the old Romans from their graves
Will all arise to see 'em.

S. W. Foss.

PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

MRS. GRUNDY.—How awfully that Tintall girl is made up!
MRS. SNEERWELL.—Yes. She need never die of starvation.
MRS. GRUNDY.—I don't see why.
MRS. SNEERWELL.—She always carries enough flour to make a plate of rice-cakes.



AT THE EXCHANGE.

MESSANGER.—Dey's a gentleman wants to know 'f Mr. McGibney's on der floor?

McGIBNEY (*who has been plunging*).—Tell him Mr. McGibney can't say until the next quotation whether there'll be any floor for him to be on!



GETTING WARMED UP.

KERRIGAN (*a trifle full*).—T'roth, Rosie Deasey, youse is th' (hic-gl) finest gurrul in th' War-r-d to be callin' on a could night!

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

IT is said of Butler, the caustic writer of *Hudibras*, that he was generally found to be in his most biting humor somewhere in the vicinity of meal-time.

Samuel Richardson, the eminent novelist and deep thinker, had no appreciable sense.

Coleridge, the poet, once expressed a wish that he were worth a million dollars.

Cuvier, although one of the most prolific writers of his time, never used a steel pen nor a type-writer.

Keats wrote his name in water. It is the theory that he learned to despair of anything more permanent by a long course of marking his collars and cuffs. But we may certainly consider this theory to be of doubtful correctness: Poets do not have collars and cuffs. Or, rather, they do not have collars.

In her youth, Susan B. Anthony is reported to have been of the female sex.

Macer, the poet, always laughed when merriest.

Aspasia was a wonderful woman—a unique woman in the fact that she did not consider herself the final judge as to the merits of novels.

Julius Cæsar never lost a battle nor a collar-button.

On the other hand, I have lost a collar-button a month for the last fifteen years.

In spite of his name, De Foe was of a friendly disposition.

An unknown editor of the fifteenth century once rejected one of his own contributions.

Lamartine, although a mixture of normal school erudition, boarding-house poetry and tape-counter priggishness, nevertheless possessed a certain low cunning which for more than forty years enabled him to evade the guillotine.

It is related among the horrors of the inquisition that a certain editor of *Puck* of the nineteenth century developed such diabolical skill that he could write rejected cards with both hands while simultaneously dictating similar messages to a row of type-writer clerks extending to a fearful perspective.

Chatterton began to write when only fifteen; Thackeray waited until he was forty, while Hugh Conway deferred serious literary work until some time after he was dead.

The mystery surrounding a book called "The Bread Winners"—as to what particular gulf of oblivion it fell into—has never been satisfactorily cleared up.

Williston Fish.

YOU COULD N'T PUT one musical critic's opinion of another musical critic on a postal card and send it through the mail without laying yourself open to prosecution.

BUFFALO BILL'S MASCOT.

The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill—W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying to his thousands of admirers on this side.

There was more truth than many imagined in his reply to the inquiry:

"What are you doing in England?"

"Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses."

The English nobility quickly "cottoned to" Buffalo Bill because they recognized that he belonged to a higher order than their own—Nature's nobility. Despite his wild life he early managed to acquire an education and the polish which makes him easy even in royal society.

His polish is the bitter fruit, it is said, of a young love experience. When a young man on the plains, wild, woolly and unkempt in appearance and character, he fell in love with a dashing little school-teacher. Full of pluck and faith in himself, he proposed to her. She laughed at him and he—collapsed.

After a time he braced up, bought some books, and began to study.

His defeat proved his victory. The girl was his mascot, and his successes are due to her.

Magnificent specimens of manhood though they be, "Bill's boys" are not perfection. Under date: "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co., London, Sept. 19, 1887," D. W. Shoemaker, of the Cowboy Band, writes: "Some weeks ago I was suffering from great disorder of the liver and kidneys, and general prostration. I was forced to quit work and take my bed. I called in a physician, who only afforded temporary relief. A friend induced me to take Warner's safe cure, which afforded almost instant relief, and, after taking three bottles, I find myself in as good health as at any time in my life."

Two other members of the Wild West show, Maw Beardsley, pony express rider, and Jim Mitchell, a cowboy, add to this statement of Shoemaker's, that in their long experience on the plains, from change of water, climate, and mode of life, and severe riding, they became subject to liver and kidney diseases, and they have found a sure remedy for these troubles in Warner's safe cure. Maw Beardsley says: "I constantly recommend it to my friends."

Buffalo Bill is so popular in England he may come home a "Sir William." But if not, he will probably enjoy himself quite as well, having secured a fortune ample enough for all his wants, title or no title.

OPINION OF MR. J. H. BRESLIN, OF THE
GILSEY HOUSE, ON WINES IN AMERICA
AND EUROPE.

In an interview with a New York *Tribune* reporter Mr. Breslin says: "We get better wines in America than are to be had in Europe, because the best wines are shipped to the American market. Again, the palate will afford proof of this. I went through Mumm's cellars at Rheims. I sampled the wines that were set apart for the different markets, and that for the American market was a long way the best. The 1884 champagne that is coming here is the best that I have ever tasted."

The Favorite Line to California.

The Great Rock Island (C., R. I. & P. R'y), offers a choice of routes beyond Missouri River, on both single and round trip tickets. First-class excursions every week. Rates as low as the lowest. Trains composed of elegant day coaches, superb dining cars, magnificent chair cars and Pullman Palace sleeping cars. For full information, address, E. A. Holbrook, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper:

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

We have received PUCK's "Hayseed Hits," Library No. 4, and had hardly finished it when the Fourth Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK came to us, which compelled us to retire about the hour at which we did when we were young and giddy. If you want a good time and to be amused and instructed by a hearty laugh, buy the Fourth Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK.—*Peabody (Mass.) Reporter.*



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the coming year will contain matter of interest to everybody. The history of Abraham Lincoln during the War—the personal, inner history—will be recounted by the private secretaries of Mr. Lincoln. The Siberian traveler, George Kennan, who has just returned from an eventful journey of 15,000 miles through Siberia and Russia, undertaken with an artist, at the expense of THE CENTURY, will make his report on "Siberia and the Exile System," in a series of rarely interesting, illustrated papers. Mr. Kennan made the personal acquaintance of some 300 exiled Nihilists and Liberals. Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," George W. Cable, Frank R. Stockton, and other famous authors, will furnish novels and novelettes; there will be narratives of personal adventure in the War—tunneling from Libby prison, etc., etc., with an article by Gen. Sherman on "The Grand Strategy of the War"; articles bearing upon the International Sunday-School Lessons, richly illustrated; papers on the West, its industries and sports; beautifully illustrated articles on English Cathedrals; etc., etc.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THE CENTURY. It has recently been said by a prominent paper that "it is doing more than any other private agency of to-day to teach the American people the true meaning of the words Nation and Democracy. It is a great magazine, and it is doing a great work." The regular circulation of THE CENTURY is about 250,000, and the price is \$4.00 a year. BEGIN WITH NOVEMBER. Send for illustrated catalogue, and get the full prospectus and particulars of a special offer.

THE CENTURY Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.



Siberia.

THE MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. ST. NICHOLAS.

THERE is not a healthy boy or girl in America who will not want, and ought not to have, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE for 1888. It is going to be great. This little space can only contain a hint of some of the things it is to contain. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will contribute a short serial—a worthy successor of that author's famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS a year ago. Joel Chandler Harris, John Burroughs, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Amelia E. Barr, Washington Gladden, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Noah Brooks, H. C. Bunner, Mary Mapes Dodge, A. W. Tourgee, and Palmer Cox are a few of those who are writing for the new volume. It will have an illustrated series on Australia, and Mr. Edmund Alton, author of "Among the Law-makers" (Congress), will contribute "The Routine of the Republic," describing the daily practical workings of administrative departments.—the White House, etc. Can you afford to do without ST. NICHOLAS in your home? The November number begins the year. December is the beautiful Christmas issue. It costs only 25 cents, \$3.00 a year, and all news-dealers sell it. THE CENTURY Co., New York.



"I say, do you take St. Nicholas?"

Books for Boys and Girls.

"The Brownies; their Book," by Palmer Cox, is one of the great attractions this season (\$1.50). Other popular Christmas books include: "St. Nicholas Songs," the beautiful collection of songs by American composers (\$2.00); "The Boys' Book of Sports," (\$2.50); bound volumes of St. Nicholas Magazine, royal gift books, in two parts—1,000 pages (\$4.00); "Baby World," stories, rhymes, and pictures for the little children, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge (\$1.00).

* * * The above are sold by dealers everywhere, or they will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the Century Co., 33 East 17th St., N. Y.

Professor Darwin is not the only one who has been **STRUCK** by the likeness which many men bear to monkeys. Imitation seems to be the strongest point of similarity, and many men, like their prototype, imitate very readily, while they lack the power to **ORIGINATE**.

UNLIKE THE IMITATIONS, IT HAS NEVER CLAIMED TO CURE ALL HUMAN ILLS, BUT A TEASPOONFUL OF

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WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

IN BUYING, SEE THE **RED LABEL**, ADOPTED TO MEET FRAUDS.

**GUIDE to good
HEALTH**

Is the title of a pamphlet, the perusal of which can be warmly recommended to all invalids. Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and suitable for his particular complaint, should at once procure this little work, which is based on twenty years' experience. It will be sent gratis on application to Dr. RICHTER'S Publish. Office, 510, Broadway, NEW YORK, or 1, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London E.C.

**MONTE CRISTO
WHISKEY.**

RICH, SOFT, DELICATE IN FLAVOR.
THE BEST PRODUCED.

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543 & 545 10TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Shipped to all parts United States. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for price-list.

MASTER DICKIE looks at the caller's head with great curiosity and breaks out: "Why, Mr. Llaydout, you're not a bit bald."

"I?" says Mr. Llaydout: "I should say not. I have a head of hair like an Indian. Did you think I was bald?"

MASTER DICKIE (*in an injured tone*).—Why, pa said last night that you had been regularly black bald everywhere these four years past."

And the cheerful flow of conversation falters, runs slowly, and finally sinks deep, deep into the insatiable and thirsty sands.—*Exchange*.

BUFFALO BILL's share of the profits of the "American Exposition" in London amounted to £70,000 and a position in English society. He would probably be willing to exchange the latter item for a plug of tobacco.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

DOCTOR KOCH says the cholera germ is in the form of a comma. When it lays hold of a man, however, it is generally found to be a full stop.—*Syracuse Herald*.

TOLSTOI declares his brains are still as hard as a nut, and that they have no idea of softening. It is his readers that are in danger of being affected in that way.—*Exchange*.

THE CELEBRATED **SOHMER** PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.

Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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UNDERWOOD SPRING WATER.

The Best Table Water in the World.

PREVENTS BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

OFFICE: 18 VESEY ST., N. Y. CITY.

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK—ah! we see the smile of joyous anticipation on the faces of our friends—well, THE CHRISTMAS PUCK will this year be out *on* (not on or about, but on)

Wednesday, December 14th.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK for 1887 will be the *regular weekly* PUCK * No. 562, enlarged to forty-eight (48) pages, and will cost Twenty-five cents.

Need we assure our readers that this year's X-MAS PUCK will *not* fall behind last year's or THE MIDSUMMER PUCK?? Well, hardly—neither need we assure them that it *will* be a great improvement on both, in every department—for our friends know that PUCK keeps improving all the time!!

Who ever *did* catch Puck a napping??

We shall again publish a *Puzzle*—a very attractive and novel one, one that will set you to thinking!!

Now, the moment you have read this, collar your News-dealer, and tell him that if he fails to order your X-MAS PUCK at once, you will do something awful to him. If your News-dealer is not around, send *US* a quarter at once, and be one of the first to receive, by mail.

The Christmas Puck for 1887.

Address: THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, NEW YORK.

* Thus a great many misunderstandings and explanations will be avoided.

THE Wagner opera season has been opened in New York city, and, naturally, the people are making a good deal of noise about it.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

DOCTOR (to convalescent patient).—I have taken the liberty, sir, of making out my bill.

PATIENT (looking at bill).—Great heavens, doctor, you don't expect me to take all this in one dose!—*The Epoch*.

MOODY will tackle Louisville this winter. Unless he can convince his hearers that the river of life flows pure old sour mash his labors in that town will be a dead failure.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

THE Anarchists are not such bad fellows after all. They have managed to scare Jay Gould so badly that he thinks he will be more comfortable in Europe.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM

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(H. HEWITT'S PATENT—America, 295,395; Britain, 429.)

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Made from Fawn Skin Kid, a very durable and handsome material, unknown east. Prices from \$1 to \$1.50 for Common Length; \$2.50 for Button Cuff Driving Gauntlets made to order for Ladies or Gents, every stitch silk. Postage paid. Also Indian Tanned Gloves, Moccasins, Buckskin Clothing (fringed and plain), Leggings, Money Belts, &c. Buckskin for sale. Samples of Leather with stitching free. Also Catalogue of hundreds of styles of Gloves and Leather Novelties, and directions for measurement. Reference, Union Bank, Denver. Discount to agents.

42

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PROPRIETORS,

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IT WILL FIT ANY LAMP.

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T. R. CHASE, 31 EDMUND PLACE, DETROIT, MICH.
Mention PUCK.

A GEORGIA paper offers to take chestnuts in payment for subscriptions. What a lot of ancient jokes that editor is going to have poured in on him!—*Exchange*.

THE Czar is said to have the measles. His Imperial Majesty is evidently bound to have everything that's going. It is n't often he gets a chance to enjoy himself.—*Exchange*.

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS's name heads a petition asking clemency for the Chicago Anarchists. Mr. Howells perhaps thinks there may possibly be a Tolstoi among them.—*Syracuse Herald*.

CANADA expresses a desire to have a slice of the State of Maine. The thing for Canada to do is to come over into the Union and then she won't want a slice of Maine.—*Exchange*.

"THE climate of New Jersey is salubrious, is it not?" he asked.

"Salubrious!" repeated the enthusiastic citizen of that State: "why, stranger, we have mosquitos in January."—*The Epoch*.

BISMARCK runs a paper mill and a distillery. He also runs the German empire, but the two former bring him the most money.—*Syracuse Herald*.

"Don't hide your talents, young man," said the parson, earnestly.

"Indeed and I don't," exclaimed the youth: "I'm a fence-board and barn-roof advertiser, and have got a two-hundred-mile contract on Glare's Soap and Dryman's Tonic Bitters."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

62 West 19th Street, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1887.

P. of Loissette's Physiological System of Memory-Training merits the highest commendation of all who have investigated it. I personally take the greatest pleasure in urging upon every parent, child, teacher and scholar a serious consideration of all details in the study of this truly Physiological System; for the work expended, which is comparatively slight, will repay a hundred fold.

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Plaid, Stripe and Check
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Cocoa, from which the excess of
Oil has been removed. It has three
times the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,
and is therefore far more economi-
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cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
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admirably adapted for invalids as
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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312

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE ON SHAVING.

[Special to the "N. Y. Tribune."]

WASHINGTON, September 11th, 1887.

Senator Ingalls is in town on his way to Philadelphia, where he is to take part in the celebration of the Constitution's centennial. He was seen by a reporter of the *Post*, to whom, in reply to a question as to the object of his visit, he delivered a learned disquisition on shaving.

"I think a man looks better when he is shaved. Every man should shave. I always shave myself. As part of one's regular toilet every morning it does not take much time, and it does not cost more than a cent. Take my advice—shave.

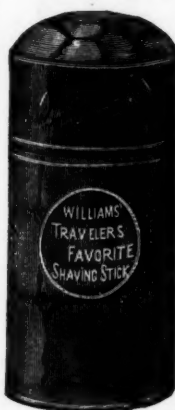
"Buy a Swedish razor; the Swedish is the best; it will cost you \$2.00, while an ordinary razor would cost you only one; but it is worth the difference. Then be sure and get a badger's-hair brush; the hog's bristle is not the thing that a gentleman wants. Get a badger's-hair brush at any price—it won't cost much. In buying a cup you can exercise your own good taste, but be sure you use no soap but WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Senator Ingalls has the reputation of being the most fastidious of our public men, and it is not strange that he should so emphatically indorse Williams' Soap.

For Half a Century Williams' Shaving Soaps

Have been the ACKNOWLEDGED FAVORITES with American "shavers," young and old.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.



THIS EXQUISITE TOILET ARTICLE contains all of those rich and lasting qualities which have made our "GENUINE YANKEE" SHAVING SOAP famous for fifty years. Delicately scented with finely selected Attar of Roses. Each Stick in a neat Wood Case, covered with Red Morocco Leatherette. VERY PORTABLE. INDISPENSABLE TO TRAVELERS. A most acceptable Holiday Present.

A CONVENIENCE AND LUXURY FOR ALL WHO SHAVE.

If your Druggist does not keep Williams' Shaving Soaps, they will be sent, post-paid, to any address upon receipt of price in stamps or currency, as follows: WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25 cents; GENUINE YANKEE SOAP, 15 cents; WILLIAMS' CELEBRATED BARBERS' SOAP—In Packages of 6 cakes, convenient for Toilet use, by mail, 40 cents. Its Purity, Delicate Perfume, and Delightful Emollient Properties render this SOAP invaluable for the Toilet and Bath, for which it is extensively used. There is nothing better to prevent and cure "Chapped Hands."

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BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE. AGENTS WANTED.

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"It is an evangel of the keenest, wittiest, and drollest sarcasm on the follies of fashion."—LUTH OLSER. "An exceedingly amusing book."—ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND. "There are parts so excruciatingly funny we have had to sit back and laugh till the tears came."—WEEKLY WITNESS. "Unquestionably her best."—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

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"Yes, indeed, and you're just the man for it. I want somebody to pass himself off as an imbecile and get into the Home for the Feeble-Minded to write up the abuses of the institution. You need n't waste time in training; go just as you are."—Burdette.

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AND **EL TELEGRAFO**
KEY WEST HAVANA CIGARS.

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"Well, Maria," said the candidate: "I can
go to bed to-night a happy and an honored
man."

"Oh," exclaimed his wife: "I'm so glad!
You are elected?"

"No," he replied, calmly: "I have been
snowed under, but I have been vindicated. I ran
ahead of my ticket in two out of seventeen
wards."—*Burdette.*

Salvation Oil is guaranteed to effect a cure in all rheumatic and
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Chinese eat rice off sharp-pointed sticks, but take Dr. Bull's
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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of

THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the
world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of
the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of
investigation and comment for every traveler that has
visited and written of those States. Many have gone be-
hind the commercial feature of the industry, and have
found in the production, fostered and protected as it is
by the Government, a solution of the stability of the
people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under
the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neigh-
bors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the
nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the conse-
quences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their
colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the pro-
duct in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading
breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the
following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these
six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

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"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and
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to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and
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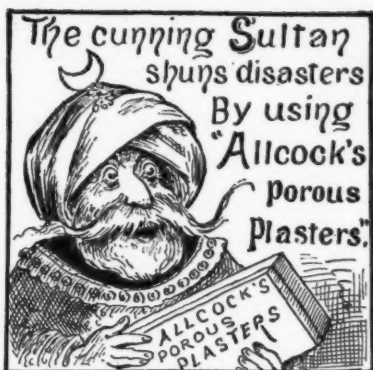
of the industry in those countries. If the manufacture
of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six
breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds
of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged
with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction
in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest
brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the
period covered by the official report from which the
above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons
of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production
of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European
brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not
slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch
beer excels that of its European rival in about the same
ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges,
but in every European exposition in which the beer of
the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into
competition with that of all the above-named breweries,
it has been awarded the first premium. In every Euro-
pean capital medals have been given to them showing
that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of
the beer manufactured. These awards have not been
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